

THE WIFE.

BY AGNES FIERSON.

It was the dead hour of night. The room was a high wainscotted apartment, with furniture of a rich but antique pattern. The pale moonlight streaming through the curtained window, and struggling with the subdued light of a candle placed in a corner, disclosed the figure of a sick man extended on a bed, wrapped in an unquiet slumber. By his side sat a care-worn though still beautiful woman gazing anxiously on his face, and breathlessly awaiting the crisis of the fever—for it was now the ninth day since that strong man had been prostrated by the hand of disease, and during all that time he had raved in an incessant delirium. He had at length dropped into an unquiet slumber, broken at first by starts and moans, but during the last hour he had been less restless, and he now lay as still as a sculptured statue. His wife well knew that ere morning the crisis would be past, and she waited, with all a woman's affection, breathlessly for the event. Aye! though few women have been wronged as Emily Walpole had been wronged, she still cherished her husband's image, for he was, despite his errors, the lover of her youth.

Few girls had been more admired than Emily Walpole. But it was not only the beauty of her features and the elegance of her form which drew around her a train of worshippers: her mind was one of no ordinary cast, and the sweetness of her temper lent an ineffable charm to all she did. No one was so eagerly sought for at a ball or a picnic as Emily Walpole, and at her parental fireside she was the universal favorite. It was long before she loved. She was not to be misled by glitter or show. She could only bestow her affections where she thought they were deserved, and it was not until she met Edward Walpole that she learned to surrender her heart.

Edward Walpole, when he became the husband of Emily Walpole, was apparently all that a woman could wish. He was warm-hearted, of a noble soul, kind, gentle, and ever ready to waive his own selfish gratification at the call of duty. But, alas! he had one weakness, he did not act from principle. His generous deeds were the offspring of a warm heart rather than of a regulated intellect. As yet he had never been placed in circumstances which severely tried his principles. But, about a year after his marriage, he fell heir to the large property of a maiden aunt, and at once his whole style of life was altered. His accession of wealth brought him into contact with society in which hitherto he had never mingled, where the polish of factitious politeness often hides the most depraved morals. Above all by abandoning his profession, he condemned himself to comparative idleness. He now began to be tortured by ennui, and sought any excitement to pass away the time. The harpies who infest society, and with the appearance of gentlemen have the hearts of fawns, now marked him for their prey; and his open and generous nature made him their victim in a comparative short space of time. We shall not trace his downward progress. It is always a melancholy task to mark the lapse from virtue of a noble and generous character, and how much more so when the heart of a wife is to be broken by the dereliction from rectitude.

Emily saw the gradual aberration of her husband, and though she mourned the cause, no word of reproach escaped her lips, but by every gentle means she strove to bring back her husband to the paths of virtue. But a fatality seemed to have seized him. He was in a whirlpool from which he could not extricate himself. He still loved his wife, and more than once, when her looks cut him to the heart, he made an effort to break loose from his associates; but they always found means to bring him back ere long. Thus a year passed. His fortune began to give way, for he had learnt to gamble. As his losses became more frequent his thirst for cards became greater, until at length he grew sullen and desperate. He was now a changed man. He no longer felt compunction at the wrongs inflicted on his sweet wife, but if her sad looks touched his heart at all they only stung him into undesired reproaches. He was become harsh and violent. Yet his poor wife endured all in silence. No recrimination passed her lips. But in the solitude of her chamber she shed many a bitter tear, and often, at the hour of midnight, when her husband was far away in some riotous company, her prayers were heard ascending for him.

Two years had now elapsed, and the last one had been a year of bitter sorrow to Emily. At length her husband came home one night an almost ruined man. He had been stripped at the gambling table, of every cent of his property over which he had any control, and he was now in a state almost approaching to madness. Before morning he was in a high fever. For days he raved incessantly of his ruin, cursing the wretches by whom he had been plundered. Nine days had passed and now the crisis was at hand.

The clock struck twelve. As sound after sound rung out on the stillness and died away in echoes, reverberating through the house, the sick man moved in his sleep, until, when the last stroke was given, he opened his eyes and looked languidly and vacantly around. His gaze almost instantly met the face of his wife. For a moment his recollection could be seen struggling in his countenance, and at length an expression of deep mental suffering settled in his face. His wife had by this time risen and was now at his bedside. She saw that the crisis was past, and as she laid her hand in his, and felt the moisture of the skin, she knew that he would recover. Tears of joy gushed from her eyes and dropped on the sick man's face.

"Heavenly father, I thank thee!" she murmured at length, when her emotion suffered her to speak, while the tears streamed faster and faster down her cheek, "he is safe! he will recover," and though she ceased speaking, her lips still moved in silent prayer. The sick man felt the tears on his face, he saw his wife's grateful emotion, he knew that

she was even now praying for him, and as he recalled to mind the wrongs which he had inflicted on that uncomplaining woman, his heart was melted within him. There is no chastener like sickness; the most stony bosom softens beneath it. He thought of the long days and nights during which he must have been ill, and when his insulted and abused wife had watched anxiously at his bedside. Oh! how he had crushed that noble heart; and now this was her return! She prayed for him who had wronged her. She shed tears of joy because her erring husband had been restored, as it were, to life. These things rushed through his bosom and the strong man's eyes filled with tears.

"Emily—dear Emily," he said, "I have been a villain, and can you forgive me? I deserve it not at your hands—but can you, will you forgive a wretch like me?"

"Oh! can I forgive you?" sobbed the grateful wife, "yes! yes! but too gladly. But it is not against me you have sinned, it is against a good and righteous God."

"I know it—I know it," said the repentant husband, "and to his mercy I look. I cannot pray for myself, but oh! Emily pray for me. He has preserved me from the jaws of death. Pray for me, dear Emily."

The wife knelt at the bedside, and while the husband, exhausted by his agitation, sank back with closed eyes on the pillow, she read the noble petition for the sick, from the book of Common Prayer. At times the sobs of Emily would almost choke her utterance, but the holy words she read had at length, a soothing effect both on her mind and that of her husband. When the prayer was over, she remained for several minutes kneeling, while her husband murmured at intervals his heart-felt responses. At length she rose from the bedside. Her husband would again have spoken, to beseech her forgiveness. But with a glad feeling at her heart—a feeling such as she had not had for months—she enjoined silence on him, and sat down again by his bedside to watch. At length he fell again into a calm slumber, while the now happy wife watched at his bedside until morning, breathing thanksgivings for her husband's recovery, and shedding tears of joy the while.

When the sick man awoke at daybreak, he was a changed being. He was now convalescent, he was more, he was a repentant man. He wept on the bosom of his wife, and made resolutions of reformation which, after his recovery, through the blessings of God, he was enabled to fulfill.

The fortune of Walpole was mostly gone, but sufficient remained from its wrecks, to allow him the comforts, though not the luxuries of life. He soon settled his affairs and removed from his splendid mansion to a quiet cottage in a neighboring village. The only pang he felt was at leaving the home which for so many years had been the dwelling of the head of his family—the home where his uncle had died, and which had been lost only through his own folly.

Neither Walpole nor his wife ever regretted their loss of fortune; for both looked upon it as the means used by an over-ruling Providence to bring the husband back to the path of rectitude; and they referred to it therefore with feelings rather of gratitude than of repining. In their quiet cottage, on the wreck of their wealth, they enjoyed a happiness to which they had been strangers in the days of their opulence. A family of lovely children sprung up around them, and it was the daily task of the parents to educate these young minds in the path of duty and rectitude. Oh! the happy hours which they enjoyed in that white, vine-embowered cottage, with their children smiling around them, and the consciousness of a well regulated life, filling their hearts with peace.

Years rolled by and the hair of Walpole began to turn gray, while the brow of his sweet wife showed more than one wrinkle, but still their happiness remained undiminished.

HINTS ON PAPER HANGING.—"Many a fever has been caused by the horrible nuisance of corrupt size used in paper-hanging in bedrooms. The nausea which the sleeper is aware of on waking in the morning, in such a case, should be a warning needing no repetition. Down should come the whole paper at any cost or inconvenience, for it is an evil which allows of no tampering. The careless decorator will say that time will set all right—that the smell will go off—that airing the room well in the day, and burning some pungent thing or other, at night, in the meantime, will do very well. It will not do very well; for health, and even life, may be lost in the interval. It is not worth while to have one's stomach impaired for life, or one's nerves shattered, for the sake of the cost and trouble of papering a room, or a whole house if necessary. The smell is not the grievance, but the token of the grievance. The grievance is animal putridity, with which we are shut up when this smell is perceptible in our chambers. Down should come the paper; and the wall behind should be scraped clear of every particle of its last covering. It is astonishing that so lazy a practice as that of putting a new paper over an old one should exist to the extent it does. Now and then an incident occurs which shows the effect of such absurd carelessness. Not long ago, a handsome house in London became intolerable to a succession of residents, who could not endure a mysterious bad smell which pervaded it when shut up from the outer air. Consultations were held about drains, and all the particulars that could be thought of, and all in vain. At last, a clever young man, who examined the house from top to bottom, fixed his suspicions on a certain room, where he inserted a small slip of glass in the wall. It was presently covered, and that repeatedly, with a putrid dew. The paper was torn down, and behind it was found a mass of old papers an inch thick, stuck together with their layers of size and exhibiting a spectacle with which we will not sicken our readers by describing.—*Dickens's Household Words.*

FOR RENT, the Store-house, with dry goods, on Pennsylvania Avenue, between 7th and 8th streets, lately occupied by Yerby & Miller. For particulars enquire of YEAKLEY & MILLER, Miss Dermott's building, corner of 7th and 4th streets. dec 4—

DR. MUDRA'S ARROW ROOT.—A very superior article, just received. W. T. EVANS.

THE SNAKE AND CROCODILE.—The following thrilling account of an engagement between a boa constrictor and a crocodile in Java, is given by an eye witness:

It was one morning that I stood beside a small lake, fed by one of the rills from the mountains. The waters were clear as crystal and everything could be seen to the very bottom. Stretching its limbs close over this pond, was a gigantic teak tree, and in its thick, shining evergreen leaves, lay a huge boa, in an easy coil, taking his morning nap. Above him was a powerful ape of the baboon species, a leering race of scamps, always bent on mischief.

Now the ape, from his position, saw a crocodile in the water, rising to the top, exactly beneath the coil of the serpent. Quick as thought he jumped upon the snake, which fell with a splash into the jaws of the crocodile. The ape saved himself by clinging to the limb of the tree, but a battle immediately commenced in the water. The serpent, grasped in the middle by the crocodile, made the water boil by his furious contortions. Winding his folds round the body of his antagonist, he disabled his two hinder legs, and, by his contractions, made the scales and bones of the monster crack.

The water was speedily tinged with the blood of both combatants, yet neither was disposed to yield. They rolled over and over, neither being able to obtain a decided advantage. All this time the cause of the mischief was in a state of the highest ecstasy. He leaped up and down the branches of the tree, uttered a yell, and again frisked about. At the end of ten minutes, silence began to come over the scene. The folds of the serpent began to be relaxed, and though they were trembling along the back, the head hung lifeless in the water.

The crocodile also was still, and though only the spine of his back was visible, it was evident that he too was dead. The monkey now perched himself on the lower limbs of the tree, close to the dead bodies, and amused himself for ten minutes in making all sorts of faces at them. This seemed adding insult to injury. One of my companions was standing at a short distance and taking a stone from the edge of the lake, hurled it at the ape. He was totally unprepared, and as it struck him on the side of the head, he was instantly tipped over and fell upon the crocodile. A few bounds, however, brought him shore, and taking to the tree, he speedily disappeared among the thick branches.

A KNOT OF EEL-GRASS.

BY CHARLES CLEWLINE.

The Oswego river isn't navigable far up; for it is cut off by a bridge about half a mile from the lake, and a mile further up it is cut off by a dam.

Between this bridge and the dam there is a rift, which is a famous place for catching fish in weirs, built out into the middle of the river, in form like a Y, with the fork up the stream, and down to the lower end there is a crib into which the water and fish run, pitching down a little fall of about three feet, and then as the crib is built of slats, the water runs out, leaving the fish to be picked out by the proprietors of the weirs.

They used to catch lots of eels there, and a rousing fellow, big as a boy's leg and long as a stick of wood, was thought dear in Oswego at fourpence. But, some how, buying eels, even if we got them for nothing, didn't suit me, and I determined to steal a few of them wears up there.

I told Mrs. Werts, the young widow that I boarded with, what I was going at; and I reckon she was up to them games, for she furnished me with a pillow-case to bag my game and two pairs of woolen mittens to me in robbing the slippery customers; and thus armed and equipped I set out on my midnight eeling expedition.

When I came abreast of the weir, I discovered that the skiff I had seen there at sun down was gone; but as I knew that the water wasn't more'n up to my arms, I did not care much, and so I waded off to the weir, where I found and bagged about twenty real swimmers.

My pillow case was nearly full, and I was just about to get under weigh for home, when the great-granddaddy of all eels came walloping down into the water. I pitched into him, but my mittens had got so slippery, with the slime of captured eels, that I could not hold him a second. There we had it, for about ten minutes—up and down, over and under, slip slop—till at last, I got mad, and making a desperate dive for the old fellow, I got his head into my mouth, and—Wah! laugh! what a taste, as teeth crunched through and through his head until they met, and the big eel dropped quietly down leaving part of his cut-water, bit off somewhere about the eyes, in my mouth. I spit it out quicker, and about all my inside "fixins" with it.

Wasn't I sick? For about twenty minutes I tried to turn myself wrong side out like a stocking; and then pillow-cased the old eel, waded ashore, and mizzled for home as if I had swallowed a land crab, and been ridden for months by a double and twisted attack of Maume fever.

Next morning, before I turned out, I heard the little "widdler" singing out in the back entry, where I'd slung my bag of eels—

"O, Charley! Charley! come here quick!" Well, I did; and, as I'm a live sinner, there on the floor, among the eels, and the biggest of them all, was a thundering great black water snake, with his nose bit off just about the eyes.

Those two pigs in the back yard had an eel breakfast that morning, and Clewline swore an oath never to go wading about in the night after other peoples' eels again.

[Carpet Bag.]

Simple honesty, the naked truth, pure virtue, and a straight-up-and-down way of dealing with the world, have as much advantage over vices, tricks and stratagems in the long run, as a good equine trotting-horse has over a prancing pony or racker, that goes his mile or two like the mischief, and is done for the rest of his journey.

WRECK AND RUIN.

A Scene in the Bay of Naples.

In October, 1848, I went over to the Island of Capri, some twenty miles from Naples, to enjoy a rustic festival. Our party consisted of some Englishmen and some Italians. The latter being in the service of the Government, had a fixed time laid to their leave of absence. When the morning arrived that was appointed for the departure of our Italian friends, we accompanied them to the shore, where they made their arrangements for the passage back to the mainland. There was a strong west-and-by-south wind roaring round the Island, and the sea looked dangerous; but in Naples, where there is no career for a young man out of Government employ, an official must not trifle with his post. The preparations, therefore, for the launching of the boat went on.

It was one of those wide bottomed boats, commonly used in the port of Naples, upon which the stranger gets out for a moonlight row to Posillipo, or betakes himself with his portmanteau and his carpet-bag, or with his wife and her pill-box full of a few things to the steamer. Such boats are not made for riding on a stormy sea. The men preparing to put out that morning were our two friends, the officials, and two boatmen. One of the passengers was hailed by the Captain of a good strong bark upon the point of starting. "Come with us, Raffaelluccio: it will be madness to sail out in that cockleshell through such a sea."

Raffaelluccio, a delicate youth, replied that he was no coward. He had come in the boat, and might go back in the boat, with the Madonna's blessing. The other passenger was a stout black bearded man, and the two boatmen were a youth and a weather-beaten sailor from the port of Naples.

The little harbor at Capri, is so sheltered from certain winds that there is often a deceptive smoothness in its waters. It was only by looking out to sea, that one detected, on that wild October morning how the water writhed under the torture of the wind. Far as the eye could reach, the sea was covered with those smaller storm waves, called in the phrase of the country *pecore*. These, as the day advanced, swelled into great billows, (*cavalloni*) which came rolling on upon our little island, and dashed violently against the coast of Massa and Soranto.

The boat had been shoved off, and had returned for some article, left accidentally behind. A group of weather-wise old sailors thronged about the fool-hardy crew in vain urging them to wait for fairer weather; but they put out to sea again, and made strait for the cape, under the summer palace of Tiburinus. This is a well known point, which boatmen often seek when they desire to catch a direct wind for their passage to the mainland. The gale that had been blowing round the island appeared to pour out from this point its undivided force, and beat the sea with a strength almost irresistible. We saw the mast of the little boat snap the moment it had reached the cape, and the crew put back not to await calmer weather, but to seek another temporary mast, and start again.

No threat or persuasion could detain the Italians, who feared to exceed their term of leave. A rude mast was set up, and again the boat started, leaping across wave after wave. We saw no more of it. "I watched it for some distance," said the captain of the bark, which had started at the same time—"Their mast bent as though it would break at every puff of wind, and the little sail fluttered like a handkerchief upon the waves. In a moment it disappeared, and we knew that our foreboding had proved true." The rest of the tale I had from the lips of the black-bearded official, the sole survivor: and a wilder tale of human passion does not often fall within the bounds of sober truth.

The old mariner at starting had been placed at the helm, as the most competent man of the party; but there was an alarming difference between the eddies, currents and billows at the Cape, and the smooth waters of the Bay of Naples. A monstrous *cavallone* appeared in the distance, leaping, roaring, foaming. It was close upon their quarter: its crest overhung them; and in an instant, said my informant, they were swallowed up. The boat was overturned, but the crew—struggling desperately for life—rose with it once more to the surface, clinging to its bottom. In their last agony they glared upon each other, face to face, among the heaving waves, and the loud execrations of his companions were poured passionately on the ancient mariner, whose want of skill was cursed as the fatal cause of their despair. The hold of the poor old fellow, weak with age and faint with emotion, had not strength enough to bear up amid the tossing of the waters, and as his grasp relaxed, the others watched his weakness with a fiendish satisfaction. "It is some consolation," exclaimed one, "to see you die first, fool as you are." He did not hear the latest maledictions, but went down in the deep sea.

The next who died was Raffaelluccio, upon whose daily work the daily bread of a mother and three children depended. "I am still with cold, and can hang on no longer," he said to his companion. "Get on my shoulders," was the answer of the stronger man; and so he did, and so he died, the living man with the dead weight upon him, grappling still for life, and drifting before the storm. The young boatman, the other survivor, trembling himself upon the brink of eternity, crept round to the dead body, and having robbed it of a watch and chain, and other valuables, pushed it from the shoulders of his friend into the sea. So there only remained these two men, clinging to the boat and gazing on each other anxiously.

The thought had crossed the mind of the young man that if they lived until they should be thrown ashore, the surviving passenger would require that he should deliver up the watch and other valuables to the family of Raffaelluccio. He may not have taken them with a design of theft. He probably saw that the dead body cumbered his companion, and committed it from a good human motive to the sea, having removed the jewelry. But to retain possession of the property,

his conscience did not bid him shrink from murder, of which no eye of man would ever see the stain. An unexpected blow would silence his companion, and leave him on the boat to drift to land, a sole survivor, quietly made richer by the wreck. "I read it in his eyes," said my informant. "The devil was in them, and I watched him well; but a happy sea raised his side of the boat—that was his opportunity; and immediately he struck a heavy blow upon my head. If he was the younger I was the stronger, and he summoned me to struggle for my life, or for that chance of life which either of us had upon the gulf of waters. There was a horrible wrestling. I am the only survivor."

"All that day, and through a stormy, pitch dark night, I lay tossed about, almost senseless, in the Bay of Naples. But, before dawn on the second day, my boat was cast ashore at Torredell' Anunziata, and there locked between two rocks. I had just strength to crawl to the Coast-guard-house, in which I perceived that lights were twinkling. I was spurned. My papers were demanded."

"Faint as I was, in time I found it possible to make the good officials understand my case, and excuse the production of credentials from the fishes. They took me in and treated me with Christian kindness. My looks had frightened them—my face was bloated, and my eyes protruded like those of a lobster."

The mother of Raffaelluccio was living in Capri, and I was there when the news came back of her son's fate. In the darkness of an October night, the ruined family—the bereaved mother and her daughters—mounted to their house-top, and turning towards the sea, shrieked wildly for the son and brother whom they held from them.

The voice of woe that then thrilled in my ears will never be forgotten. I never knew till then what agony could be, not expressed only, but communicated by the wail of women.

GREAT MEDICAL DISCOVERY!

WITH such testimony, no stronger proof can be given, unless it be that of this wonderful Hampton's Vegetable Tincture.

Let the afflicted read! read!

BARRELLVILLE, ALLEGANY COUNTY, (Md.) }
May 4, 1862.

To Messrs. Mortimer & Monroay:
DEAR SIR: In justice to Dr. Hampton's Vegetable Tincture, I wish to inform you that I was taken sick on the 3d day of January last, with an affection of the stomach, bowels, and kidneys. I was attended by four eminent physicians for more than two months—all to little effect. I had some knowledge of the great virtue in Hampton's Tincture from one bottle which my wife had taken two years since.

I came to the conclusion that I would take no more medicine from my physicians, but try the Tincture, and I am happy to inform you I had not taken it two days before I felt its powerful influence upon my stomach. I have continued using the Tincture, and so a wale to leave my room, and can eat any common diet without much inconvenience or pressure on my stomach.

The afflicted or their friends are daily visiting me to learn of the great virtue there is in this Tincture of Hampton's.

I expect to send you several certificates in a few days—especially from a young lady who has been confined so her room twelve months, with a disease of the head, affecting the brain.

Respectfully yours, E. W. HALL.

On the permanency of the cure bear him. Still another letter from the above!

BARRELLVILLE, ALLEGANY COUNTY, (Md.) }
October 13, 1862.

Messrs. Mortimer & Monroay:
DEAR SIR: I am happy to inform you that this day finds me in the enjoyment of good health, by the use of your Hampton's Tincture and the blessing of God. I am enabled to pursue my daily avocations as usual, and I have a great desire that the afflicted should know the great curative powers of the Tincture.

I am, with respect, yours, E. W. HALL.

THE ALMOST MIRACULOUS CURE made by Hampton's Vegetable Tincture on our most respected citizen—men well known and tried—their change the world to show anything on record in medicine longed it. Many hundreds who have felt its healing powers and the same testimony.

BALTIMORE, July 6, 1862.
Messrs. Mortimer & Monroay: Gents: Last September I was attacked with erysipelas, from which a dreadful ulcer first on my right leg. Getting better of the last November I took a deep cold, which led to what my physician told me was chronic pleurisy, which led me with a constant, deeply seated, and painful cough, having no rest day or night, and constantly throwing up from my lungs a thick matter. I became much emaciated, growing weaker every day, and keeping up the greater part of the time. My friends thought I had the consumption, and at times I was also of the same opinion. At this stage of my disease, after having tried many and various remedies, without success, a friend advised me to try DR. HAMPTON'S VEGETABLE TINCTURE, and prepared me a bottle, which I now proudly notice the greatest medicine I ever took. Before I had taken half the contents of one bottle I felt much improved; and now, having taken two bottles, my cough and pains have entirely left me, and I am enabled to attend to business. I can truly say that with the blessing of God, I have been restored to the health I now enjoy by the use of this most valuable medicine. Yours, WESLEY ROCK.

Schroeder, near Saratoga street.

PORTSMOUTH, (Va.) Aug. 18, 1861.

Mr. J. E. Bouché—Dear Sir: While I am in general opposed to Patent Medicines, and/or compels me to state that I have great confidence in the virtues of Hampton's Vegetable Tincture. For several months past I have used it in my family, and in Dyspepsia, loss of appetite, dizziness, and general debility, with entire success. So far as my experience extends, therefore, I have pleasure in recommending it to the afflicted as a safe and efficient remedy. VERNON ESKRIDGE, Jr., or study.

For sale by C. Stott & Co., Washington, D.C. Wallace Elliot, cor. F and 12th st. D. B. Clarke, cor. M and 4th st. J. Wimer, 6th st., near Louisiana st. McIntire's, cor. 1 and 7th st. Gray & Ballantyne, 7th st., near E. R. S. T. C. Sells, Georgetown, Va. C. C. Berry, Alexandria, Va. And by Druggists generally, everywhere. MORTIMER & MONROAY, General Agents, Baltimore.

DR. ROSE'S NERVOUS CORDIAL.

The most Valuable Preparation in Medical Science.

THE thousands who are suffering with any NERVOUS AFFECTIONS, will find immediate relief in using the wonderful CORDIAL. It cures Neuralgia, Heart Disease, Paralysis, Rheumatism, Nervous Head-Ache, Tremor, the Muscles of Flesh, Weakness, and all restlessness of the mind or body; whether worn down by care, or by study.

This truly wonderful Medicine, from its peculiar happy effect in allaying the most violent Nervous Affections, and completely eradicating them from the system, may justly be termed the greatest discovery in the science of medicine. It subdues and averts all those Nervous Affections, over which the most profound medical skill has hitherto had no control. It is a grand restorative, giving up a weak constitution, already worn down by illness and debilitated by other medicine; its invigorating properties act like a charm, and its beneficial effects are almost miraculous. The weak, the nervous, and the suffering with constant pains and uneasiness, are frequently cured by using a single bottle.

Price 50 cents, and to be had at the stores of Z. D. Gilman, W. H. Gilman, Charles Stott & Co., Samuel Bott, J. F. Callan, John W. Nairn, Kidwell & Lawrence, Washington City, D.C. J. L. Kidwell, Georgetown, (D. C.) and the various Drug stores in Alexandria.